

THE

Massachusetts Literary Magazine.

Vol. XII.]

NOVEMBER, 1851.

[No. III.]

NATIONAL INDIVIDUALITY.

THERE is a tendency among some of our day to depreciate everything pertaining to the past, and to extol the glories and triumphs of the present, or revel in splendid but useless visions of the future. Philanthropy and Humanity have everywhere become watchwords; at their utterance ancient glories must forever fade away and perish, and "the great events with which old story rings" become vain and hollow. Modern Reformers would have us believe that all ages before the Nineteenth Century were ages of darkness, that all nations that were so unfortunate as to exist prior to that period, were but hordes of barbarians, that all was chaos and confusion and darkness, and that it has been reserved for them alone to pronounce the *Fiat Lux* of moral and political illumination. They would persuade us that it is only in the universal adoption of their favorite theories and systems that the regeneration of the world can be accomplished, and the goal of human perfection reached. Enthusiastic and over-confident in their faith in the efficacy of *these*, they are sanguine in their expectations of future good, and are forever dazzled and deluded with visions of a land more splendid than the Utopian, of an age more golden than the Saturnian. They forget that man by his very nature and by the circumstances in which he is placed in this world, is altogether unqualified for citizenship in the ideal Republic they vision, and altogether un-

fitted for such a state of quiet inactivity and uninterrupted repose. Culture is man's first duty and his highest glory, and this precludes all hope and supersedes all necessity of such a period. But blinded by their love for their cherished system of Socialism, deluded by this their everlasting chimera, they are unmindful of all the existing relations and natural distinctions in the world. To prepare the way for the free action and full development of their principles, they would "remove the old landmarks" of the most ancient nations, and require an immediate distribution of property and an unnatural equality of all things. The right of property, one of man's dearest and most sacred rights, is to be usurped and violated. The custom of its perpetuation from family to family, which is so sanctioned as a heritage of the ancestral past, and so cherished as a privilege of the living present, which makes our "weakness subservient to our virtue," grafts benevolence even on avarice, and almost exalts the miser into the man, is no longer to continue. But not only is the right of property, one of the strongest and best securities of society itself, to be disannulled—they extend their levelling principles to the inherent and essential distinctions of mind itself. Magnanimity must be lowered with meanness, virtue must consort with vice, and all the more generous and daring principles of action, and all the ennobling qualities which give the grander soul its superiority and the better heart its pre-eminence, must be curbed and crushed and crippled. If their plan could be perfected, patriotism could be but a memory and a name, and rational liberty have no existence. And this is the "consummation so devoutly wished" and so ardently labored after by some of our generation, a consummation which, needy and unprincipled as most of them are, would benefit none but themselves and which instead of propping the social fabric and strengthening the political constitution, would only confound and undermine all human and civil relations, destroy all sound conception of things natural and moral, and exclude by its nature and blight by its influence every high purpose and every noble thought in the mind of man. This is one of the model systems of the philosophy of the nineteenth century. This is one of the

tendencies of this age of progress, one of the distinctive features in this era of reform. Of all the many and various evils to be apprehended from a philosophy founded on such principles, acting in such a spirit, and leading to such consequences, none is more to be dreaded than that of merging all races into one—of *cosmopolizing*, as it were, the men of every land.

It cannot be denied that there is a real and profound diversity in the developments of the human race. This does not, however, conflict with the belief in the original unity of the race. Various circumstances, such as climatic influence, form of government, the predominance of certain tastes, feelings and prejudices, have tended to produce this variety, and to make certain qualities prominent in some countries which are altogether denied to others. These specific diversities and peculiar characteristics have become so deep-rooted that it is almost impossible to eradicate or destroy them. The Gipsies and the Jews have wandered for ages through the world—mingling with other nations, being literally “scattered and peeled”—with no *fatherland* to unite their interests, concentrate their sympathies and confirm their nationality: still they are bound together by that peculiar tie and stamped with that distinctive character, which marks them as one people. The Swiss, although divided up into distinct and often belligerent cantons, are yet so different from other nations and so strong in their national affinity for themselves as to resist all attempts to separate or dissolve them. And four centuries were not able to amalgamate the Greek and Turk, or to destroy the spirit of resistance in the former, who, with no organized government and under the most discouraging circumstances, vanquished their oppressors and vindicated that unity of national character which two thousand years before distinguished their ancestors, when they met the Mede at Marathon, or fought under the shadow of the Persian arrows at Thermopylæ.

This individuality is the first element of national character and the basis of all national strength and security. The spirit of emulation which it excites among the nations not only inspires a respect for humanity, but prompts to high and honorable ex

ertion, produces and promotes that culture which is man's destination and object here on earth, and in fact accomplishes, in the only possible and most admirable manner, what the advocate of amalgamation would aspire in vain to the perfection of the race. Without this national rivalry, to what stage of improvement could the race reasonably be expected to attain? what indeed has been the consequence to a people where it did not exist? Has not the want of it, has not amalgamation, withered up and blasted its natural vigor, struck its energies paralyzed and powerless, and proved a hindrance to all further culture and a lapse into irremediable corruption? Only look to China. Cut off from all intercourse with the rest of mankind by her isolated position, it has dwarfed her giant strength, turned her into a mere machine, made her, as has been well said, "a shrivelled mummy swathed in silk." In this extended application of it, this individuality prevents the evil of amalgamation, curbs the tendencies of socialism and is productive of all possible perfection to the race. But in a more circumscribed sphere of action its benefits are no less invaluable and lasting: it marks the distinction between a consolidation and a confederacy. It is the triumph and the glory of the latter that it is composed of a number of states, each of which is distinct and *individual*, having within itself a sovereignty of its own and possessed of certain powers and rights of its own.

To foster this individuality, to confirm this unity of national character, nature has wisely provided patriotism. This quality has accordingly not escaped the sacrilegious and damning touch of the cosmopolitan spirit of the age. These levelling socialists and fraternizing Quakers would tell us that such a quality is inconsistent with the progress of humanity and unworthy the age in which we live. They denounce it as a fault; but it is a glorious fault, and one neither so flagrant in its character nor so injurious in its consequences as the *world-wide* virtue they would substitute for it. They stigmatize it as a prejudice, but it is a prejudice that amounts to a virtue, a prejudice not contrary to nature, but prompted by its dictates—a prejudice not destitute of reason, but involving in it the most profound and the purest wisdom. De-

stroy it, and you obliterate all national dignity and pride, and all generous sense of glory and emulation in a people. It is the basis of all civil society, the source of all political good, and if not a thing of such diffusive consequences as their boasted but too often fallible philanthropy, it is still one of high magnanimity, of generous spirit, of most ennobling influence. It is designed to separate nation from nation—to prevent that amalgamation which crushes by its nature all the higher impulses and nobler activities of a people, and exults in its perfection over the grave of freedom, of order, and of humanity itself. When therefore, these modern reformers attack patriotism or seek to subvert the grand system of National Individuality, they are at war with nature, and with nature's God. For it is evidently the fulfilment of Providence, and is in strict conformity with the workings of that sublime wisdom which has stamped the external world with such infinite and boundless variety, which has clothed beauty in its brightest charms when dependent on endless diversities, and gifted harmony with its sweetest melody when resulting from varied discords. Regarding it thus, we cannot but admire the design and propriety of the arrangement which preserves a unity in so great a diversity of parts—moulding together, as it does, the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, linking the highest with the lowest portions, and from the various opposition of conflicting interests and the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers drawing out the harmony of the universe.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

If indeed, "the proper study of mankind, be man," an inquiry into the means of its attainment can prove neither wholly uninteresting or unprofitable. It seems strange indeed that a subject so well calculated by its depth and vastness to instruct, to elevate and expand the mind should so seldom prove the subject of its continuous thought. Boldly inquisitive in all other

matters which seem to bear upon our interest, we rarely bid our inquiries enter the portals of our own Immortal Nature. With unwarranted belief in the security of our own possessions we pitch our tents in other lands and open the conflict with foreign foes. So superficial is the knowledge, or rather so universal is the ignorance on this subject, that when now and then through the medium of another's thought, the "mirror is held up to nature," the human heart laid bare to view, its secret springs of action revealed, its mysteries unfolded, *he* is idolized as an intellectual prodigy, and the world pays homage at the shrine of a genius. The multiplied attempts at the portrayal of real, natural character, or the numerous endeavors which men make to display their knowledge of human nature, daily issuing from the press, and the avidity with which they are devoured, testify that the importance of the theme is by no means overlooked, and that the strength of the demand abates not with the abundance of these productions. To very many it becomes a matter of deep perplexity, why these continuous efforts should so often fail of their aim, and why mind continuing to grope and toil, ever and anon grasping delusive phantoms, the fickle creations of the fancy, should fail to give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name," should fail to bring these ethereal beings down to a world of reality, and breathe into their dead forms the breath of life. With equal reason too might they wonder why each succeeding age is not alike or even more fertile in the production of great minds than its predecessor; why through the rich legacy of generation after generation the accumulated treasures of the intellect has not enriched the whole human mind; why amid this ever-rolling flood of light one man should be left a midnight wanderer in the land of ignorance. To such observers it is perhaps an astonishing fact that darkness succeeds to day, for why, by parity of reasoning, should not the light which successively overlays the land have risen through a cumulative process till it culminated at the stars and struck night forever dead at the feet of its superior splendor. How palpably absurd such an opinion appears to every mind, and yet it is not more erroneous than the views

and speculations of one who should apply the standard of physical measurement to test the process of intellectual development or of individual acquirement. The explanation of such errors is to be found not in that observation itself is wanting, but that observation wants a proper direction. It is not that we fail to think, but that thought wandering amid the deceptive and ever-changing appearance of effects, loses sight of the causes which produced them, and like the dove from the ark, wings a wearied flight over the vast waste of waters, but finds not a resting place for its foot.

Like a mighty multitude gathered before and around some stately edifice rising in Architectural beauty, grace and grandeur to the eye, who among the mighty throng kindles not with admiration at the scene, and yet who of all these gives one passing reflection, much less an eulogy, to the genius which gave birth to that splendid mechanism, or deigns, in imagination, to watch the handy workman as he piles stone upon stone to swell the structure into these magnificent and sublime proportions. With eagerness and rapture too, we seize the works of some great mind and as we pass rapidly and joyously over the brilliant assemblage of thought and feeling, how little do we think of the long and weary years of toil and anxiety which overshadowed the pathway of thought to this bright and noble production. There are many, and among those too who profess to lead the van in admiration and reverence for such works, who have never conceived of them as the result of long and arduous labor, but rather as an art to beguile the lagging hour and lead on the pleasing pastime. With them, at least, the Pilgrim has reached his Paradise and rests in the bright and happy land of Beulah, but they know not of his dreary pilgrimage. Genius with one wave of her magic wand bids new creations rise and every slumbering thought from the inmost chambers of the soul obeys the call and comes as did Prospero's spirits to do his bidding. It leaped forth as did the Grecian Goddess, in full panoply from the brain of her sire! Who does not perceive the evil, the destructive tendency of such errors, where nature's supposed gift of high intellectual power, is made to supersede the ne

cessity of all energetic, persevering, long continued exertion? Who does not know that such doctrines tend to paralyze the energy of every struggle to be great, and to strike a death blow at the very foundation of that which gives glory its value and excellence its name? In the same manner we anxiously watch the march of crime in a thousand different forms, dragging misery, destitution and destruction in her train and then sagaciously expatiate upon the limitless diversity of human Constitution, and wonder, it may be, if a monster so hideous and haggard walked in full maturity from the soul of man. Observations which reach no farther or strike no deeper than this are worse than no observations at all, because they become the basis of a fatalism whose havoc is the more fearful as it outlives time, and, crushing the bright hopes and living energies of that mind which guides and glorifies every noble enterprise of earth, overshadows the throne of eternal day. They see the varied combination of effects and because they have no explanation for it, the mind wanders amid the chaos of scepticism and doubt till it well nigh disbelieves the fact of its own existence. A doctrine alike detestable and degrading, it would throw chance or accident into the scale to balance the destiny of an immortal spirit. It would make human life in fact, and not in figure, a frail bark dashed amid the terror of storm and wave with no helping hand to shield, no happy star to guide. It overlooks the fact, that chance has nothing to do in the matters of this, or of the life to come, and that the laws of virtue and of vice, are as unerring in the one as the other, or rather the same law which guides the virtuous to happiness and heaven, consigns the vicious to darkness and despair. Such errors of judgment both as to mind and morals are the offspring of a superficial knowledge, an undue attention to the regularity with which causes act and events or effects follow. This superficial mode of thinking may be properly attributed to that principle which has been observed as an universal rule in human conduct, and which is well illustrated in the case of the "beam and mote," over which the Bible hangs a special warning. An element of human character so widely distributed, it seems a desirable gift handed down by nature to

form the basis of a worthy self-confidence and a commendable pride, and yet how often does this self-confidence swell into a detestable vanity and pride into an abhorrent arrogance, till what was originally designed as a stimulus to the active exercise of our powers is misconstrued into a claim of moral and intellectual superiority and a consequent right of self-exclusion from the faults and imperfections which mark and mar the life of others. The existence of the same principle may be seen in the fact, that we wander back beyond the steady light of history into dim tradition to scan the legends of some absurd fiction or dwell on the mysteries of some Heathen Mythology, while the history of our own country and of the lives of our ancestors lies undisturbed upon the shelf. With such facts in view, it will not be surprising if in life's journey of three score years and ten, our thoughts be found strangers to their birth-place and home, till called, at last, by the voice of death to revisit that inner temple where sits enthroned a divinity whose altars are dust, whose oracles are dumb.

If such facts then are indeed the result of a want of self-knowledge, the importance of the subject can but strike every mind with force. And who doubts but the greater portion of those delusions which have led to misery and misfortune, of those errors which have led to death, of the wrecked fortunes, of the misshapen pursuits, of darkness when there should have been day, of thorns where roses should have bloomed in the pathway of life, may be traced back to the self-same source? We admit that self-knowledge has been linked with the most daring and desperate schemes, and been the companion of the darkest deeds that have ever disgraced humanity. But this only proves its importance by teaching its possible efficiency for good, and so far from arguing against it, only proves the corruption of our nature and the necessity of a sanctifying agency. Knowledge like charity should begin at home. For what will be the permanence and value of that conquest, though it embrace the whole world, to a monarch over whose native possessions the sceptred dominion waves no more, So too with mind. Let her conquests be what they may—let thought unfurl her

triumphant banner over every field, and gather at its feet the trophies and treasures of every domain of knowledge; and yet if self-knowledge yields no way—if thought shall have failed of that conquest which is mightier than the “taking of a city,”—if no flag waves over her native land, all her triumphs shall prove but empty truces born to break, and all her victories but splendid visions born to die. Here then let our work begin. Here commence the illumination. Here let us seek a centre around which all our other attainments may perform harmonious revolutions. “I have but one lamp by which my feet a reguidded, and that is the lamp of *Experience*,” is the language of one whose brilliant oratory, whose splendid success in life secured to him the respect and gratitude of his country and to his memory an enviable immortality. If we would learn the secret of his success we must go back to his experience; not that derived from the world or from books, but that more valuable, more serviceable, more instructive experience which flows fresh and continual from the study of our own nature. He had watched well the operations of his own mind, and beheld in his own emotions and sentiments and feelings and affections a true type of man’s character the world over. He had found here the principles which govern human action, which mould and modify human life, and he had but to apply them to the feelings and actions of other men, to test the validity of his deductions and elevate them to the dignity of laws. It was the doctrine of a celebrated German philosopher that every monad was a microcosm, comprehending an image of the whole universe. Truly may it be said, the individual heart is a mirror reflecting an image of the universe of human creation. We have but to study our own minds and we have a key to that temple which human ignorance has dedicated to the mysteries of Human Nature, and which *Genius*, godlike *Genius* alone is privileged to enter. We shall find here an explanation of the many and varied phenomena which occur in the course of man’s life, and which superficial observation calls incomprehensible. We shall behold things as they really exist. We shall watch the operation of causes and be enabled to assign to each its legitimate effect.

We shall look abroad upon the world, at youth drooping with sorrow, at age in despair bending o'er the drunkard's grave, and the midnight murderer fleeing in robes of blood, the ghosts of the mangled victims of his cruelty and hellish depravity—we shall look upon the grave of the unfortunate shrouded in the darkness of eternal death and near by his side another tomb beaming with the light of immortal hope; but we will neither impeach the justice and mercy of our God, nor dwell in wonder upon the woful diversity of our original constitution, but rather see within ourselves the sleeping elements of the drunkard's, the murderer's, the Christian's life, the varying tints and hues, the lights and shades of every character.

THE ULTIMATE DESIRE.

There dwells forever in the breast of man, an earnest craving, that all the gayety and glory of the world can never fill. To the accomplishment of one grand desire, all his thoughts and feelings tend. To the fulfillment of one absorbing purpose all his actions directly or indirectly flow, and are embraced in its performance, as are the returning rivers in the rejoicing bosom of the parent ocean. To one controlling motive, resistless and pervading, all other thoughts and desires make their obeisance as did the sheaves of the eleven brethren to the sheaf of Joseph, when the pale harvest-moon kept silent watch over the young dreamer, who lay lulled to sleep by the sighing of the whitened fields of Palestine. It is the guiding purpose that gives force and direction to the desires of the heart. It is the sun in the firmament of mind, around which the silent thoughts revolve, as do the bright wanderers of trackless space around the shining throne of the light-crowned monarch of the skies.

This never ceasing desire, this fervent aspiration, is the longing for that harmony, which once ruled alike the blooming Eden of a sinless world, and the blissful courts of Heaven.

In all the wanderings of banished humanity, through the dreary desert of life; where scarcely a virtuous emotion buds, or a stream of pure thought gushes; where even the shades of Philosophy afford but a slight shelter from the scorching rays of misfortune, where wishes wilt and hopes wither, this love of harmony is borne from his peaceful home, to the weary exile, like the grateful fragrance of an orange grove.

The permanence of this principle is a proof of the divine origin of man, of his former sinless perfection; it is the only ancestral jewel that the outcast has preserved, in all his devious straying from his native home.

Time was ere the lost Archangel fell, like a flaming bolt from Heaven, when no restless spirit muttered rebellion to the celestial hosts, nor, while his eyes gleamed balefully, trod with impatient steps in the vast temple of creation, where the bright stars swing forever like burning censers. Peace rested in the bosom of the universe, as calmly as the golden-haired God of Day in the rosy arms of glowing evening. The earthquake lay in his dark dungeon, built deep among the arched foundations of the world. The storm-spirit stirred not for his mighty limbs and dusky pinions were bound with icy fetters, fast to the desolate rocks that stand unmoved in the frozen wastes of the drear and dismal North. Destroying Fire had not been roused from his primeval lethargy, nor had his red legions been commissioned to waste the earth with their flaming swords.

But dusty time has rolled away, and peace borne in his viewless car and hurried onward by the speeding years, has long since departed. As we look over the world we see everywhere strife and contention. The tempests spread their white mantles on the deep, and ocean moans as if some untold agony were prisoned in his blue caverns. The clouds that linger like the cherished hopes of childhood, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, are torn by the winds, and their towers of gold and purple fall before the fierce assault of the rushing armies of the air. The Storm-God shouts in a voice of thunder, and his steeds tossing their streaming manes of mist, rush wildly on; and even while the old patriarchs of the forest stretch out their hoary

arms, and seem in leafy murmurs to call for mercy, they fall crushed in one green ruin beneath the rolling wheels of his cloudy car.

If we turn from nature to man; from the world without, to the world within, we still find nought but discord and commotion. The strife that rages in the human breast, is but faintly imaged in the contention of the elements, as is the warfare of the vapory legions of the sky, in the broken mirror of the troubled deep. Man is always engaged in some form of contention, with adverse circumstances, with his fellow-man, or even raising his feeble arm against Him whose quiver is filled with arrowy lightnings.

The busy thoroughfare of wealth is crowded with an eager throng, who rush hither and thither in fierce contention for the golden prize. The hoary deep is whitened with the sails of those who sow the furrowed waters, and plough the ocean with their rapid ships. Death the unwearied husbandman, never visits the field of war in vain. On that field, whether it be parched with summer's suns, or covered with the snows of winter, the gleaming harvest stands always ripe and ready for the reaper's hands. From a thousand plains where the giant Battle has left in the sod the print of his iron heel, a sepulchral monitor speaking in hollow tones, tells us that here armies with their flaunting banners and glittering steel, met in the sharp and fatal struggle. A thousand monuments stand as pale witnesses to the awful truth, cold and white as the sheeted dead who sleep beneath them. Nature more merciful than man weeps above them in the passing shower, and the tall grass sighs a requiem over the lowly beds where the young and brave sleep in an unbroken slumber.

But man does not engage in strife for the mere love of contention. Until he enters another state of existence, until the bow of hope and promise fades from the dark and threatening cloud that hangs before him, and the lightnings of eternal retribution flash from its lowering front, until he stands in that host whose dinted helms and brows graven with "thunder-scars" tell of the swords of Michael and his seraph army, until his nature is lost in that of the demon, he never ceases to long for har-

mony and peace. As the warrior rests unquietly on the tented field, he hears in the rustle of the pennons above his head, the low murmur of the vines that shade the casement of his quiet cot, and in the faintly heard uproar of the hostile host, the distant rushing of the rapid stream that glides through his native vale.

Man enters the contest for honor or for wealth ; hoping to satisfy the craving of his soul with riches or with glory. War and tumult are but means to an end, spears but the gleaming growth of the horrid glen through which humanity seeks to enter the vale of peace and quietness. Through strife and discord, terror and confusion, he hurries onward to his fancied rest, like a river pouring its foaming torrents thundering down the mountain side, but speeding to the broad and blue bosom of the peaceful lake.

Opposed to all that is around it, meeting unconquerable foes at every step ; this love of harmony becomes the most powerful incentive to urge us on to action. No fancied security or temporary triumph, can still the voice of this unseen ruler, or drive him from his throne. Though its voice may be drowned in the uproar of the contest, the phantom is ever present in the midnight watches, to say to the pale dreamer, " I will meet thee at Philippi." No power can resist it. It lasts as long as life itself, and in another world will add a bitter drop to the cup of trembling. Though it sleep, it is the sleep of the ocean, when his bosom heaves with the calm swell of peaceful slumber ; let a breeze sigh, and he awakes from his inaction, and, summoned by his hoarse command, his billowy legions with blue helmets and white crests of foam, sweep along in dense array. It is the sleep of the volcano, ere the mountains tremble with its earthquake throes and it pours its gushing floods of fire upon the peaceful plains below. It is the sleep of wearied Thunder when he lies down in his gleaming armor within the cool chambers and white corridors of the summer cloud. Prompted by it men follow Plutus decked with sparkling gems, or walk in the train of lean Ambition. Even the dismal pathway to the grave ; though it leads through a gloomy vale ; though awful spectres glide to

and fro in its sombre grove ; is not untrodden by those who have entered it through the gate of self-destruction. In that sad procession moves Cato with his Roman sword, Seneca, with his crimsoned knife, the "tenth muse" of Lesbos with her shattered lyre, the gray old Grecian with his hemlock-cup.

But the unaided search for harmony is vain. Revelation alone teaches us where it may be found. Viewed in the light of inspiration we behold in the development and power of this principle, the hand of the Omniscient. We learn that it is a consistent part of an harmonious whole. Yes, harmony pervades creation. The ocean as it beats the sounding shore ; the forest harp as its deep notes swell when its leafy strings are swept by the minstrel winds ; the chorus of thunder as it peals from the trembling battlements of cloud ; all fill their appropriate parts in the grand concert of the universe, and all join in that majestic anthem whose first burst was heard in the rolling together of Chaos, and whose last peal shall rise mingling with the mighty thunders of the final day.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSIONARIES.

The sky is cloudy, dark, and drear,
And midnight's gloomy hour is near
When owls their ghostlike forms do rear,
And sound their doleful melody.

The night *was* still ; but now the breeze
Is whispering through the trembling trees,
And tales are told, the blood to freeze
Of list'ners listening fearfully.

Hark ! to the sound. Like funeral knell !
Of blood and murdered souls, they tell,
Of deeds, fit for the hosts of hell,
With all their horrid enginery !

Such monstrous deeds, they say, were done !
Enough to darken all the sun,

And cause his rays fore'er to shun,
The Earth's polluting scenery.

And see! a band of sable form,
Like spirits from the land of storms,
Around a shapeless monster swarms,
All whispering loud and eagerly.

While sparks of fire, and smoky wreaths,
(The air in which, Apollyon breaths,
And all his horrid figure sheathes)
Show through the darkness gloomily.

But look! They come! They hither come!
No sound of fife, no rolling drum,
But with a low and mingled hum.
Of voices speaking solemnly.

The solemn train is drawing near,
And as their dusky forms appear,
Low murmurs reach the troubled ear,
In whispered words inaudibly.

In silence now they forward go
With careful steps, and still, and slow,
And now, with cautions whispered low,
They rush right onward manfully.

"Down with the heathen car!" they cry,
The echoes—"heathen car!" reply,
And, as the thundering wheels go by,
Resound again right merrily.

Away they go! that zealous band!
And cry "Arrest the impious hand,
That brought this idol to our land,
With all its silly flummery.

"Off with the Juggernautic car!
With all its trapping from far,
Where not e'en one redeeming star,
Lights up their dark idolatry.

"We'll teach these minions, ne'er again
To dare the lion in his den,
Nor place their car within his ken,
Nor aught of their machinery.

" We'll cause them, by the break of day,
To ope their eyes in wild dismay,
To find their car has sloped away
And gone by night so gallantly.

" Down to the raging stream we'll go,
Whose sluggish torrents far below,
In stormy billows smooth and slow
Bear chords and chords of chivalry.

" And in these waters, dark, and deep,
We'll cause this gilded car to leap,
That where we leave her she may reap
A muddy harvest suddenly."

They said—and in its wat'ry grave
They plunged the car! The turbid wave
Arose around its pictures brave
And all its gilded finery.

The moon now bursts the murky clouds,
Which e'er this hour had formed her shroud,
And smiles upon the gallant crowd,
Whose loud hurrahs rise cheerily.

But ah! alas! a dreadful fate,
O pictured car, thou must await,
When one of Neptune's sons, in state
Comes down the stream so gallantly.

For by prophetic eye we see
How sure and dread that fate must be,
Which comes ere morning's light on thee,
Unseen in thy calamity.

O Juggernaut! Thy gilded side,
Washed by this slow and dirty tide,
A dreadful stroke must now abide,
And bear the bruise most ruefully.

For lo! e'en now! See through the gloom,
See yonder puffing monster loom.
And hastening to thy watery tomb,
Come onward fast and steadily.

* * * * *

Ah Juggernaut. That thou should'st be
The victim of a college spree!

Farewell. My tale must end with thee
Rest thou in all thy misery.

Ah? We have heard that yet once more
Thy gilded wheels have touched the shore
And roll now, well as e'er before,
But not indeed so carelessly.

Oh! This is how the problem stands!
An idol car in christian lands
Thou wast baptized by christian hands
And now thou travellest peacefully!

ILLUMINISM IN AMERICA.

It has not been many years since that a great anti-social conspiracy was detected. All Europe shuddered when the frightful disclosure was made. It was discovered that a secret sect, formidable for their numbers, their perfect organization, and the impenetrable mystery in which they were shrouded, had been for years professing and propagating their opinions; opinions, the most seducing in appearance, the most impious in theory, and the most destructive in practice, that had ever before entered the minds of beings other than devils. Like a frightful cancer, it had extended its limits into nearly every kingdom of Europe. Its adepts were to be found in the chairs of universities, in the cabinets of statesmen, and in the courts of princes. Its organization was founded on principles of the profoundest policy. Its counsels were dictated by a consummate wisdom, and an almost infallible forethought, which would have done no disgrace to the fallen archangel himself. Professing it their mission to enlighten and illuminate the world, its disciples arrogantly styled themselves Illuminees, and by this name they are known in history. Notwithstanding their wide extension, the members were knit together by a strong band of mutual co-operation, and universal subordination to their master spirit. Their discipline was borrowed from the Jesuits, the Masons, and the

Rosicrucians. As in them, the subordinate grades were designed merely to sound the opinions of their novices, and to test their progress in their unhallowed lore. It was only when the disciple was initiated into their highest degree that their last mysteries were revealed to him, that he was required to subscribe to those detestable doctrines, which at first, would have revolted and disgusted him. Doctrines detestable indeed! Contemplating nothing less than the utter subversion of all government, all religion, all order and all law. Strange, indeed, the spectacle thus presented. A numerous association, comprising in its ranks the learned, as well as the ignorant, the rich as well as the poor, those apparently contented with their lot, no less than those groaning in wretchedness and rags, all together laboring for the same result; laboring to set themselves and mankind free from that restraint which decency and common sense have universally imposed, to overturn alike the altar and the throne, to place mankind upon the footing of his free but barbarous ancestors of twenty centuries back, with no property to claim, no families to cherish, no rulers to obey, no God to worship. In such a scheme as this, we are at a loss whether to despise its absurdity, or to shudder at its probable consequences. But it was not a mere visionary whim, hopelessly amusing the minds of a set of speculative enthusiasts. No! their measures were taken, the train was laid, and they only awaited the favorable moment to start the conflagration which was to lay in ashes civilization, society and religion. Fortunately they were betrayed, before a betrayal was too late to injure them. The veil of secrecy which enshrouded them was withdrawn, and disclosed them anticipating their hellish triumph by their subterranean orgies. Their principles covered them with abhorrence, their mummeries and jargon exposed them to ridicule. They scattered and fled, and left their Babel unfinished. But although defeated in their great end, they yet had occasion to exult over the deplorable fruits of their mischief. The cancer only was cut out; the blood remained corrupted. It was no doubt to the machinations and intrigues of Illuminism that the first French Revolution was partly owing; the ends proposed

and the means employed were certainly almost identical with those contemplated by the Illuminees themselves. If any are still incredulous of the danger to which society was exposed by that conspiracy, let them read the annals of the Reign of Terror. And if such exhibitions of infuriate license and rank radicalism, such scenes of bloodshed and blasphemy, if these were merely the abortive fruits of efforts prematurely cut short, what might we not expect if these doctrines had been allowed time sufficient for a more universal expansion, and for a more perfect development?

To the moralist and the metaphysician the history of this most singular conspiracy is interesting. To him who would ascertain the extent to which the depravity of the human heart may reach, the shocking and absurd results which men may labor to attain, the doctrine and practice of Illuminism will afford a valuable illustration. But to us, as freemen, as Americans, as the hope of the world, this question has a deeply practical learning; to us it has a home application. The Illuminees, as a band of secret conspirators, no longer exist; their very name, and the names of their most active members, have well-nigh passed into oblivion. But the doctrines they maintained, and the principles they practiced, are as immortal as the minds that begot them, as eternal as sin itself. Nor do they want their propagandists, even here. Illuminism does exist in America; similar in doctrine and in practice to the exploded Illuminism of Europe, where differences may be found they will appear decidedly in favor of the latter. European Illuminism may find some excuse in the despotism and cruel oppression which crushed society at the time of its origin, and in the natural tendency of man to seek relief from one evil, by rushing into the opposite extremes. On this score, American Illuminism stands without the shadow of an apology. Here, no tyrannical arrogation of power on the part of the few, justifies the attempt to throw off all allegiance to law on the part of the many; here, no vast accumulation of property in the hands of the rich, would palliate the absurdity of totally abolishing the holding of property, in favor of the poor; here, no pressing upon men's consciences of one particular form

of religion, excuses the impious fanaticism of trampling under foot all worship, all religion, and all faith. Nor does American Illuminism blush to come out openly with its principles. European Illuminism did its work in secret and in silence. Here, however, newspapers are published, conventions are held, and speeches are made, having for their ostensible object merely a grand Reform of Society; but their probable intention and inevitable tendency is to Illuminize America. The bulwarks of our constitution are assailed by a formidable foe; and Legion is the names of the forces that fight under its banner. They are attacking us at every assailable point; and look we well that they make no breaches in our walls. The onward march of these reformers is to be impeded by no scruples of religion, by no respect for law. If they find their doctrines repudiated in the Bible, they fling all religion to the winds, as a barbarous relic of an unilluminated past. If their peculiar notions are found contrary to the spirit of established laws, down goes the constitution of their country, and up soars the banner of the "Higher law."

Such, then, is the aspect of Illuminism in America, socialists, infidels and abolitionists combined against property, religion and law. Impostors and fanatics, maniacs and demagogues, mutually pledged to the destruction of all that man has ever cherished and revered. And when their doctrines and their names shall have passed away and been forgotten, nay, and the very records of their existence sunk into endless oblivion, that glory and an immortal name may crown those against whom their malice was once directed, should be the prayer of every patriot and true philanthropist.

WOMAN'S STATION.

Every creation of the Almighty was formed for some end, has some mission to fulfil, and some sphere of action, in which it is to advance towards this fulfilment. The universe moves on in

its unending revolutions, with no object, comprehensible by us, in view: yet could we take our stand on some far off planet, and thence gaze on the rolling orbs around; we would see them all tending to some end, all harmonizing their action for the consummation of some purpose, worthy of their vastness and sublimity.

The meanest worm, that drags his pigmy body beneath our feet, and the mastodon, roaming unchecked in his primeval forest home, "the cedar tree, that is in Lebanon," and "the hyssop, that springeth out of the wall," are each and all equally indispensable to the working of the grand purposes of nature. Yet each has its own part to perform in aiding that work. As in the material world, each species has its own end and manner of action; so in the social world, its different members have different objects to attain, and different ways of attaining them. Man has one part to perform in advancing the interests of society, and woman another: nor can the one infringe on the other, without detriment to those interests, without destroying the harmonious working of the system.

There are those in this age of reform, who would remove the defects of society, as at present constituted, by placing woman beside man in the social ranks. "The woman's rights reform," they cry, "is the great moral Bethesda, whose waters are ever troubled by the wings of the descending angel, to whose virtues no priority of entrance is requisite to impart a charm. Let the foul, diseased body of society be but dipped beneath its healing waves; and all its loathsome humours, its distorted limbs, its rotten cankered heart, will become pure and beautiful, as they were in the beginning designed by their Creator. Let woman assume her natural rights, place herself on an equality with man and advance with him step by step in the march of reform; then will the dawn of a true civilization begin to break over the benighted world, misery and wretchedness vanishing before its increasing light, and vice its consequences be known only in name."

Truly they promise great results. But are their means calculated to accomplish their ends? As well attempt to render the motions of our solar system more perfect and harmonious;

by detaching some satellite from its parent planet, and sending it to revolve uncontrolled around the sun ; as to propose to remove the defects of our social system, by placing woman in the same sphere with man.

That society needs reform is but too true. The malignant envy of the poor, the grinding oppression of the rich, the want, and luxury, and vice, and crime everywhere, call aloud in trumpet tones for a social reform. And it must, it *will* come. But this woman's rights reform will not be one of its principles.

They do not know woman's appropriate sphere of action, who would bring her before the eyes of the public, who would drag her to the ballot-box, who would place her in the pulpit, or on the bench, or send her to our Legislative Halls. This would rob her of all that modesty, that makes her so dear, so necessary to our happiness.

Woman has a great, an essential part to perform in aiding social perfection ; but it is not in public, that she is to employ her power. Home is her kingdom, the heart her throne. When at evening the happy family sit around the household hearth, and kindly interchange of sentiment and affection goes on ; then it is that woman exerts her influence. As the infant boy on bended knees sends up to God the prayer of thankfulness, dictated by a mother's tongue, he receives that impress from woman's piety, and woman's love, that contact with the hollow-hearted, vicious world can never erase ; but when he nears the limitary line of life, ere he passes to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," as the thick-coming fancies of his brain call up each well remembered scene of his past life, none appears so bright, none so agreeable, so consoling to his parting spirit, as the recollection of that mother, who first taught him to lift up his voice in prayer to his God.

When prosperity smiles on him, and all goes well ; too apt is man to underrate his helpmate's value, and deem her but the passing play-thing of an hour, to amuse, perhaps to engage his affections, and then to be straightway forgotten among the busy cares of life. But when the sun of his prosperity has gone down in clouds and darkness, and the coming dawn seems to draw not

nigh—when the breath of calumny has tarnished his bright escutcheon, and all that was fair and beautiful seems dark and lonely—when his brightest hopes have been blasted, and his fondest anticipations crushed—when all others cast on him a scowling glance, as they pass by, then, oh woman! is the season of thy triumph. Thine it is, in the hour of adversity, to console the broken heart, to atone for others scorn by thy sweet smile, to render home a refuge for the weary, when all else fails.

We do not pretend to say, that woman's station is all that it should be. Society is not perfect in this particular, more than in any other. But this we do say, that the protection of woman's rights is not to be secured, nor woman's and society's truest interests advanced, by the means, which the Worcester conventionists would employ. Who, that has one particle of respect for the dignity of woman's character, or would wish to see preserved immaculate the beauty of female purity, can without a shudder contemplate the probable results of the consummation of their designs? When she, who is now the partner of man's joys and cares, who caresses him in success, and consoles him in disappointment, shall go forth into the great world, and take an active part in its debasing strife; where then will be the dignity of female character! Gone, forever gone from its ruined habitation. And when she, who now binds on man's armor for the great warfare of life, and at the battle's close—as the aged patriarch sinks quietly into the arms of death—smooths gently the pillow for the dying head, dispels each anxious care from that death-chilled brow; when she shall have left her domestic sphere, and its appropriate duties, to become man's rival instead of his partner: what then will be the advance in society consequent on this change! Away with all such reforms, which, by robbing home of its attractions, would render man's voyage of life a drifting to and fro on a vast ocean of selfishness, no star to guide, no cheering breeze to waft him on, self the motive and the end of his ceaseless wanderings.

Rather let our progress be more slow toward the attainment of a perfect state of society, but still let home be home, and woman yet be woman, the consoler of our grief, the object of our affections, the source of our purest, sweetest, most lasting joys.

THE GRAVE OF GREATNESS.

The bustle and turmoil of the world subjects the nobler qualities of man's character to indifference and disrespect. Contact with it destroys that warm-hearted mien and enthusiasm that distinguished him in youth. But when we see him lay aside his earthly pursuits and repair to reflection, and contemplate the Grave of Greatness, then we see the volumes it speaks—then we see the effect on the living. Thus it is, a man may live in glory, he may wield the pen of Literature—he may lead mighty armies to victory, and command the attention of august Senates; but we appreciate him not while living—we are all desirous of the same honors. When dead, when he has found his last and humble resting place, and is beyond the calumny of an envious world, then it is we contemplate his greatness, then our hearts overflow with sorrow, and we weave more laurels in the wreath that now encircles his brow. The Grave of Greatness speaks unmistakeably the same to all. We see a world adoring the tomb of Shakspeare as the expounder of the human heart; we see each country, state and village, have its own tomb of worship—some resting-place of Genius, Philanthropy or Virtue. If we look upon the mighty ocean—although no monument marks the spot of the Grave of Greatness—although the same wave rolls over all, and the same requiem by the minstrelsy of Ocean is sung to their honor, still it speaks to us in tones of most touching eloquence. We learn here too a lesson. It tells us of the great borne down in fleets, bravely vindicating their country's insults. It tells us in Nature's burying ground no distinction is recognized between the Prince and the Peasant. No deep vaults, no towering monuments proudly rear their head to heaven, to mark the repose of the wealthy. Over their remains the same sun shines, the same storm beats. The Great alone are remembered; their fame is bounded only by its length and breadth. If we visit the Orator's tomb, we imagine him awaying the multitude as forests before the blast. We see his manly form, his brilliant eye, his powerful gesticulation lit with inspiration, and imparting truths to millions. We feel his re-

sistless argument; we see his dignified grace—his action, carrying conviction at every turn, and we contemplate on and on until interrupted by the intruder. “He needs no skillful architect to perpetuate his memory; his deeds, his noble deeds alone have rendered him immortal.”

Thirty years ago a stranger visited America to behold for the last time the tomb of a friend. A dark stormy night, he arrived at his resting-place; the gates of his tomb were thrown open for his admission to all that remained of the greatest man. He was alone, with nothing to interrupt the solemn scene save the roaring of the tempest without—fit interruption; it reminded him of the din of battle—the place where he knew his friend. He could see his stately form borne to the thickest of the fight by his noble charger; he could see him wielding the sword of liberty, encouraging his men to glory. He could see him the hospitable planter, spreading his board of cheer for all; he could see him the hero of Princeton and the hero of Yorktown—the public martyr and the private friend: all these visions followed in rapid succession. What must have been his feelings as he stood before the benefactor of mankind, the savior of American liberty? It was inexpressible thought—the deep feeling of a noble man. The stranger was Lafayette; the friend, our Washington. Thus we see the effect of a Grave of Greatness—the eloquence of the tomb. In another light also the subject presents itself: while we contemplate the greatness of the dead, we should gain a lesson for the living. We should see our destiny mirrored forth in unmistakable colors: we should learn that we too must all die; we should strive to leave a Grave of Greatness. While living we should ever cultivate a virtuous ambition; we should never be satisfied with doing well, we should add stone upon stone to the temple of life, swelling its proportions high and wide. Like the noble river we should increase our greatness and speed, never heeding obstructions, from our birth to the tomb. If you would be remembered let your actions be just and good. History points plainly the way to greatness; the road is still open; an all-wise Divinity will amply reward your endeavors. We all know

our duty to our God, our country and our family: "as you would be and be known so act." Time may indeed level our mounds and destroy our monuments; but we can leave a name as enduring as time itself, and a Grave of Greatness.

M.

INAPPRECIATION OF MERIT.

The world around affords inexhaustible materials for the reflective and observing mind; and those who by a proper study of Nature and a proper expansion and development of intellect attain to mental superiority, deserve the aid and approbation of mankind. The scientific and the literary, are the true promoters of civilization,—the advanced guard of all reformers—giving shape, life and beauty, to the crude, chaotic resources of nature. Yet they have met with scornful neglect at the hands of those whose lives they have endeavored to refine and comfort with both mental and physical luxuries. Creations of intellectual beauty have been showered on the world—but the grateful eye has hardly ever beamed with applause on the kind source, *nor* has the thankful tongue blessed the obscure author, nor the listening ear heeded the modest complaints of vagrant genius. On the historic page we read the records of past events and our souls are entranced in rapturous admiration. The imagination subdued and obedient follows the invisible spirit that breathes from the book and is conducted far back in time—to tread those busy halls—now the deserted abode of the owl—to mingle with the gliding shades of the dead—to behold the glories of the Feudal times—to gaze on the flashing eye of Alexander rejoicing in the grandeur of power—to behold the plots of conspirators—the machinations of political intriguers—the treacheries of kings—the fall of empires. We view the crumbled ruins of antique glory—the decayed magnificence of a departed world in this dusty mausoleum of human actions. At the feet of the

Egyptian pyramids, those wondrous monuments of human folly and power—we see the shrivelled mummies of heathen glory, and the dead barbaric pomp and splendor of kings, in those mansions of the worm, the dark and dusty dominions of the dead. On all such objects we gaze partly with a sad admiration, and partly with self elation, wonder and delight. All of these teach us a moral lesson, *all* tend to our future improvement and are the noblest objects of our gratification. Yet these are the works of that genius, which we often scorn because possessed of a few eccentricities, or because poor, obscure and friendless. We are aware that it is characteristic of little minds to denounce that which speaks of the sorrows and trials of genius as cant; yet this will by no means deter us from our proposed object, or lessen the consideration in which the subject should be held. History depicts the greatness and goodness of Columbus, and the malicious envy, meanness, persecutions and contempt he experienced at the hands of the Castilian nobility. We see his eager joy, we hear his expressions of delight when the West Indies—that wilderness of green isles, broke upon his sight, gleaming in the sunshine far off on the wide waste of waters, we sink down in amazement at his incredible industry and perseverance, we shrink back like meaner spirits when we behold the lofty conceptions that agitated his soul while a poor supplicant at the throne of pride and power, we curse the envy that pursued this weather beaten sailor of the ocean with such a mean malignity, and pity the great navigator as he bade farewell to those happy shores, fettered with iron, gazing with watery eye and heavy heart on those rich, tropical splendors that were fast vanishing away on the bleak horizon of the watery waste. Imagination hears the clanking of his chains—the harsh grating of his prison door. With a just indignation it beholds this great man languishing, sorrowful, yet humble midst his chains in the cold, gloom and dust of a criminal's cell. The envy of Spanish minions, grieved and crushed his soul and embittered the glorious life of a man who had crowned the splendid monarchy of Spain not only with the glory of discovery, but with almost limitless dominions abounding in vast natural resources and blessed with all the glo-

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rious vegetation of the tropics. It is thus that men of distinction and eminent genius and learning wander through the world mendicants of misery, in tattered rags, begging a mere pittance to avoid starvation. What sight could be more deserving of compassion? Genius descending from its lofty flight, from regions of the ideal, like the sea gull white gleaming on the blue sunny sky in the wake of the steamer, suddenly leaving its high position and gliding along the crests of the waves to catch a spare crumb, the refuse of man! But whence this obscurity and wretchedness? Why are the great envied and persecuted? Why are they tortured with the scorn, sarcasm and contempt of mediocrity? Why are political and moral reformers, poets and men of letters, modulators and directors of public taste and opinion, in many cases viewed as outcasts of society or driven from the doors of the rich into the coldness and darkness of the night to bide "all the peltings of the pitiless storm." Why was he who bathed the cross in the bright beams of the Mexican sun and displayed those richly wrought vases of gold jewels and gems to the astonished Castilians: why was Cortez the great soldier and statesman, treated with such cold applause after Spain had profited of his labors? Why did they envy him whose genius was the guiding star that cheered the poor navigator in the dark and trying hour of despair and led him to the glittering El Dorado of Peruvia? Why did the hot ashes of the English stake drink up the innocent blood of the English Reformers? Did not those long and meritorious battles against a ruinous despotism and the most absurd superstitions, for a more enlightened religion, for Liberty, yea for civilization itself—deserve a nobler recompense than ignominious death?

But notwithstanding the many irritating evils to which genius is subject, there are some, who, like the fragrance from the flower, arise from their nobleness and generosity. Even their "failing lean to virtue's side." We allude to poverty. A profusion and brilliancy of mind, especially the poetical, is ever accompanied with a jealousy of its renown, and a generous yet injurious characteristic of lavishing its possessions, alike on strangers and friends, with no thought for the morrow. The

same bountiful intellect that showers forth clusters of beautiful thoughts, guides the hand that gives to the poor. The same genius that blazes with such dazzling effulgence, attracts the envious moth that would extinguish its glory. The warm affections of its soul are too deep to prove recreant to friendship, and too comprehensive to exclude a suffering world from its sympathies. Its natural nobility, innate virtue, and love of equality, its compassion for the poor, banish the cutting word, contemptuous smile, or selfish moroseness and misanthropy. The humble Luther looked down on the world's corruption, ignorance, and degradation, and pitied. The goodness of his heart he extended to all. His character was noble and pure, though like the dew-drop it reflected the bloody superstition and barbarism of the age. As in a night shaking with the new-born lights of heaven—each a memorial of the departed day—so in his “clear and lofty soul trembled the memory of the first *great Day.*” His “eye was swayed with a fixed and ark-like thought,” that thought the reformation of man. His self-humiliation, untiring energy, moral courage and christian nobility, shattered the fetters of ignorance, and caused superstition to flee from her blood-streaming altars to the caverned gloom of rocks and mountains, as some death-portending owl from the light of Heaven. They caused her to loosen the bloody clutch from the affections of men, and stimulated the European mind to think for itself. His sufferings were for God and Man. And his philanthropic motives and actions—so characteristic of all genius—shows to what miserable destitution and often unrelenting persecution, noble principles lead. Genius comes boldly out in opposition to the erroneous opinions of the age, and strives to mould and direct the public mind to the attainment of Truth. Hence it frequently meets with disappointment, wanton censure, or malicious abuse, especially when its opinions are opposed to the doctrines of kings, or the retrograding ideas of court-minions. Hence arises the implacable hatred it experiences from oppression; for whatever tends to the advancement of knowledge tends to undermine despotism. Heaven proclaimed the equality of man, but the monarchs of its footstool have an-

nulled the decrees of Omnipotence. Sceptred nobility may boast that one stamp will summon the war-clad slaves of power; it may point to regal splendor and luxury as its boast; but Talent with tattered rags can from his rocky hermitage command Thought to proclaim him the nobleman of Immortality. There is a lofty democracy, too, in the principles of great men, which we cannot fail to mention. They seem to act on the knowledge that Death levels all earthly distinctions. There is no cant—no hypocrisy in them. Their fame buoys them not; their self-importance swells not in frivolous vanities, so characteristic of *little* Ostentation. Many a poet of world-wide fame lies content beneath the simple hillock; many an orator that has enraptured assemblies, sleeps beneath the waving willow; many a great philosopher lies content among the departed poor. No splendid monument decks their grave; no Parian marble lies over their tombs; no poetic inscription tells of their great works and good deeds to the passing stranger. They lived in no fading splendor while on earth; they went to their graves with no gorgeous pageantry—they sleep in peace and simplicity.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

As we do not profess to be literary Chesterfields, or editorial Count D'Orsaya, you will no doubt forgive us, Reader, if we do not indulge sufficiently in the polite *suapiter in modo* tone, and the familiar, how-do-you-do-pretty-well-I-thank-you-Sir, sort of a style, so common to this department of a Magazine. We would prefer therefore, to waive for the present the argumentum ad hominem, to cease to address you individually, and indirectly and in a roundabout way to speak of you in the general as the *Public*, The Public then, allow us *modestly* to say, are generally very gratuitous in the unqualified admiration they have for an Editor, and the high credit they give him for possessing as it were universal and unbounded knowledge. They attribute to him a diversity of gifts; a reach of thought, a degree of erudition, and a comprehensiveness of observation altogether unparalleled and unrivalled in any other department of letters. He must be a satirist, and a moralist, and a wit, and a critic, and a fine writer. All the "withering fire" of Juve-

nal must be his. He must be possessed of all the stern morality, and robed in all the rigid austerity of Cato. He must be gifted with all the concentrated wit and combined humor of Butler and Cervantes. The mantle of Jeffrey must fall upon his shoulders, and his hand must guide the pen of a Macaulay. And, though, we don't wish to "magnify our office," (for we have no such *Bentonian* intentions, possessed as we are of all the extreme "umility" of Uriah Heep), yet who shall gainsay his pretensions to this far-reaching and comprehensive knowledge? Who dare dispute his title to the possession of these vast and varied powers, made good to him as it is by the *just* opinion of an enlightened public. "*Vox populi—vox Dei!*" is our motto, so long at least as we occupy the editorial Tripod. or wield an editorial sceptre. While we lay claim to these distinguishing immunities of our office—and take a sort of pride, (perhaps presumptive,) in *promulgating in these ponderous polysyllables our professional powers*, still the disagreeable and haunting reflection will rise in our mind, and like Banquo's ghost, will "never down," that this number will meet with the same unhappy but inevitable fate of so many of its predecessors. The Reader generally turns immediately to the Table to see what puns and witticisms it contains, and invariably closes the page, with blank and *sold* expression of countenance—uttering Sir John Falstaff's complaint of—"I would he had but the wit, Hal." By way of apology for our own deficiency in this respect, we would quote the saying of Sir Thomas Browne, "that men deem it venial to err with their ancestors;" and if such high authority pass for any thing in the opinion of our readers, and if any regard be had for truth, we cannot but feel that ours at least is a pardonable offence. This does not of course render veniable the "original sin" of the ancestral Editors. Their offence has become an "argument from example" to their indolent successors—a precedent of great power to their posterity; and in view of the many 'jeux d'esprit' which it has thus indirectly but forever shut out from the world, and the many brilliant thoughts and original and profound observations which it has thus cut off from ever reaching the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," it cannot but be regarded as a "shining sin exceeding sinful." Had they acted otherwise, there's no knowing how we would have distinguished ourselves. As it is, we content ourselves with being "mute inglorious Falstaffs." But whatever may be our deficiency in point of wit and sense, we generally make up for it in voluminous volubility—attaining in many instances a complete mastery and perfection in that feminine accomplishment—that *ars ridiculosa*. Many of "our trade" esteem it a great privilege to have any opportunity, and especially an Editor's Table, to make a display of this their favorite quality, and some of them look upon even this as a little "pent-up Utica that contracts their powers"—possessed as they are of that wonderful and alarming facility in composition which may be denominated *verbal dysentery*. But this is our element—our "native heath"—and if we can't strut "cock of the walk"

here, where can we? This is a free press, as well as a free country, and an Editor can do what he pleases.

Illa se jactet in aula

Editor, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet!"

We take great pleasure in extending the Editorial "right-hand of fellowship" to our worthy graduate and esteemed personal friend, the editor of the "Southern-Rights Advocate, S. C." We congratulate him on his promotion to an office, the duties of which he is so well qualified to discharge, and to a profession of which he is so surely destined to become a distinguished ornament. Judging from the ability and talent displayed in the numbers we have been favored with, as well as from our knowledge of the character of the Editor, we find no difficulty in predicting to his paper a career of great influence and usefulness. We admire the stand he has taken in the political affairs of his State, and the firmness and address with which he defends it. Go on, "Brother John, full bravely hast thou fleshed thy maiden sword!"

We turn to things which more nearly affect our *auricular* interests and domestic comfort. History informs us of "Ages of Gold," "Ages of Brass," &c. This will doubtless be recorded by the Rev. Chronicler as the "Age of Music." To say nothing of the many *unrivalled* performers and the countless "wandering minstrels" of the age, we have only to come nearer home to be convinced of the fact. "Old North" itself, from every window and down every entry "discourses most *eloquent* music." If any confront us with his "*incredulus odi*," he has but to enter that venerable fabric, and the frequent reverberations of the collegiate tocsin, aided by banjo, fiddle, flute,

"And fife and kettle-drum,

And sackbut deep and psaltery

And bagpipe with discordant cry,"

all grating with *harsh cacophany* against the *tympanum* of his *auricular appendages*, will most effectually and most *pleasingly* force conviction on his candid mind. The distinguishing characteristic of these musical instruments is, that they have "*strangely moving* notes." Did Shakspeare live among us he would have no reason to "cuss" as he did the man that "was not moved with concord of *sweet* sounds"—as this is no uncommon occurrence—on 3d Entry at least. And with those who have not yet taken up their beds and *toted* the "Lay of the last Minstrel," is "a consummation most devoutly to be wished." Nor is this "the head and front of their offending." It is related of Amphion, the royal musician, that by playing on his lyre, he caused the walls of Thebes to rise as by enchantment; the effect of the music of these modern minstrels bears a greater resemblance to that of the ram's-horn of Joshua, and it is to be seriously apprehended that the walls of Old North may meet with the unhappy fate of those of Jericho.

It was the complaint of the Edinburgh Review some years ago, "that

there was nothing of which nature had been more bountiful than Poets; that they swarmed like the spawn of the codfish with a vicious fecundity that invited and required destruction." However multitudinous and troublesome they may have been in the critic's time, we are constrained to say our generation is more fortunate. Poetry, in these classic shades, has become almost defunct. The muse has, we fear, "shut the gates of *fancy* on mankind." Still, although we no longer find them thronging the seas of Literature with "spawn innumerable," we now and then come across a little poetical *tadpole*, that not only *invites* and *requires*, but absolutely *yells* for and loudly demands destruction. Such most certainly is the author of the following, which we are prevented from giving at length on account of the personalities it contains.

THE DELIRIUM.

"Old Nassau's tongue had given
The hour of tea; and through the entries driven
By blasts entered my room my friend Jeems
Who that night had taken too much it seems.
O Temperance! O Mores! who'd have thought,
That thou from virtue's ways could be brought."

To adopt the motto of the distinguished literary tribunal referred to above, "*Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur.*" We fully feel the ponderous responsibility we are under to denounce in the strongest terms this high poetical crime and misdemeanor, and "pro bono publico" and in behalf of the injured and defenceless *Jeems* to expose this bold offender against truth and all rules of taste and rhythm. No palliating circumstances, such as inexperience, verdancy, &c., could prevail on us to commute the severe sentence we could pass upon him; nothing, not even *friendship*, not even repentance could *mollify* the stern feelings of justice by which we are actuated. But our limits are not commensurate with our boundless indignation and rage; and we can only direct up on him the frowns of all true lovers of truth and poetry, and leave him "pilloried on infamy's high stage," a fixed and fit object for "scorn to point its slow unmoving finger at!"

Some one in a communication signed "L." has been so rash and unfortunate as to call in question the meritorious and indubitable claims of the Nassau Literary to public patronage and support, and to suffer himself to speak disrespectfully and disparagingly of the integrity of its character and the purity of its tone. He took good care however to couch his "*brutum fulmen*" in language of such atrocious indelicacy, as he knew would forever debar it insertion in the pure pages of modest magazine. We defy him to come out, and openly and *decently* and like a white man, make the charges against us. We throw down our "honor's pawn," and challenge him by all the rites of knight-hood to take it up. Our "*Sanctum*" is more invincible than the "*immobilis Saxum*" of old Rome, and any attacks he might make upon it would be as fantastic and absurd as the adventures of the "Knight of the Sorrowful Count-

tenance," and as feeble, vain, and fruitless as for Tom Thumb to attempt to storm Gibraltar with a pop-gun.

"Alas! vain, venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But *here* thy sword can do thee little stead."

The communication on "Jealousy" should most certainly be inserted, did our limits admit of it. From the unusual power and vigor displayed in it, we are forced to think it was prompted by some real injury the author has sustained at the hands of some heartless, cruel coquette. He must have had many and repeated provocations to rail at the *innocents* the way he does. We would just like for her, or them, perhaps, and the public in general to know how he raves at the "*genus femina*," and to see what a thorough-going misogynist he has become. As for us who have seen it, we must say of him, as was said of the prairie-bull out west that got on the track and charged the locomotive, that though we admire his *spunk* we can't say much for his *judgment*. And our advice is that he conclude a treaty of peace as speedily as possible with his merciless foes—these *she knight-errants*. For although he had all knowledge and "could speak with the tongues of angels," and had a voice potential as Stentor's, yet what could he accomplish against talkative woman, with her ceaseless volubility, her torrent of words, her "tempest of exclamation." Though "thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, or ten times better than the nine worthies," you are nothing compared to the concentrated valor of a redoubtable little amazon, when, lashed into fury by some "trifle light as air," she seizes her own peculiar and favorite weapons, and cries for vengeance. An enraged woman, armed with a broomstick for a sceptre and a fork for a dagger, is more frightening than "an army with banners"—"can strike more terror to the soul of Richard," than twenty bull-dogs, though all were as huge, as savage and as ugly as that big bobtail one by the Barber's shop. "*Tantae animis femalibus irae*." Nor must we omit to warn this unfortunate young man, the author, of that which is the burden of his song—the hideous monster, Jealousy:

"Beware of Jealousy, my Lord! it is green-eyed *Lobster*!"

The contribution on "Locke, Cousin, and Infinity," possesses (as the writer says) the merit of having its subject-matter drawn from within College-Experience," but it is rather too metaphysical to interest the generality of our readers. They no doubt hold with us, that these abstract speculations are by no means the most profitable, and that to be a true philosopher it is only necessary to be firmly convinced of the truth of the maxim which the wise man repeated to the daughter of King Cophetua, *That if a thing is, it is*, and there's an end of it. And here's an end of our matter for this month.


EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of two No.'s of the "Randolph Macon Magazine," (for Oct. and Nov.) and the "Yale Literary Magazine" for Oct.

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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published by an Editorial Committee of the SENIOR CLASS of the College of New Jersey, every month, during term time. Each number will contain thirty-six pages of original matter.

 **TERMS.**—\$2.00 per annum, payable *always in advance*.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one year.

All communications to be addressed (*through the Post Office*) post-paid, to the Editors of the "Nassau Literary Magazine."